

# The Arizona Sentinel.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS.

NEUTRAL IN NOTHING.

VOL. II.

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## The Arizona Sentinel.

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MATHIAS RECHENMACH, THE Brewer, has removed from his old place, near the corner of Main and Second streets, to his large NEW SALOON on Gila street, foot of Second, where he will be pleased to see his old friends and customers. This establishment is the largest and best ventilated in the city. The Beer is A No. 1, and the Wines, Liquors and Cigars cannot be surpassed. ac28:

### OVER THE RIVER.

Over the river they beckon to me,  
Loved ones who've crossed to the further side.  
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,  
But their voices are lost in the dashing tide.  
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And brown the reflection of heaven's own blue;  
He crossed in the twilight, gray and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view.  
We saw not the angles who met him there,  
The gates of the city we could not see,  
Over the river—over the river—  
My brother stands waiting in welcome to me.

Over the river the boatman calls,  
Curved another, the unbroken path;  
His brown curls waved in the gentle gale,  
Darling Maud! I saw her set  
She crossed on her knees her dimpled hands,  
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark,  
We felt it glide from the silver sands  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.  
We know she is safe on the further side,  
Where all the ransomed and angles be;  
Over the river—the mystic river—  
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail;  
And lo! they have passed from yearning hearts,  
Who cross the stream, and are gone for aye,  
We may not under the veil apart,  
That hides from our vision the gates of day;  
We only know that their bark no more  
May sail with us over life's stormy sea;  
Yet somewhere, I know, on that unseen shore,  
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing river and hill and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar;  
I shall watch for a gleam of the phantom bark,  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand,  
I shall pass from sight with the boatman pale,  
To the better shore of the spirit land;  
I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river—the peaceful river—  
The angel of death shall carry me.

### An Exhausted Husband.

The following bit of charming unsophistication, purporting to have been written by a young wife in New York to her prim and spectacled maiden aunt in Boston, will be read with curious interest by the more enlightened reader:

MY DEAR AUNT—Although you told me, when I invited you to my wedding, that I was too young to marry, and not capable of choosing a mate for life properly, and with due consideration, I know that you may now feel that I was wiser than you thought. In selecting dear Orlando I have gained a most affectionate and attentive husband, and one who has neither a fault nor a vice. Heavens! what must a girl suffer who finds herself united to a dissipated person, neglectful of her and disposed to seek the society of unworthy persons, who drink, smoke, and do all sorts of dreadful things!

Thank heaven, Orlando is perfection! To-day, is my eighteenth birthday, and we have been married a year. We keep house now, and I can make pretty good pie, only the under crust will be damp. However, I think that must be the oven. Once I put peppermint in the pudding sauce instead of lemon flavoring; but then Orlando was trying to kiss me, right before the girl, who didn't much like either of us going into the kitchen at all.

The flowers are coming up beautifully in the back garden. We sowed a great many seeds but hardly expected so many plants. Among the most numerous is one variety with a very large leaf, that scratches the fingers, and don't smell nice. I wonder what it is. Orlando frightens me by talking about weeds; but weeds come up, don't they?

Dear Orlando! I come back to him again—so excellent, temperate and true. Tell all the girls to marry as soon as they can, if they can find a husband like mine.

I have but one trial—business takes him so much away from me. A lawyer must attend to business, you know; and sometimes they carry on cases until two at night. Often and often he has examined witnesses until half-past twelve, and come home perfectly exhausted. And the nasty things will smoke, so that his dear coat

quite smells of it. And as it makes him as ill as it does me, I have to air it, and sprinkle the lining with cologne water before he dares to put it on again.

I had a terrible fright the other night—dreadful. Orlando had told me that business—I think he said it was a case of life and death—would detain him late. So I sat up as usual, with a book, and did not worry until one o'clock. After that I was a little anxious, I confess, and caught a cold in my head peeping through the upstairs window blinds; for, dear aunt, it was not until three o'clock that I heard a cab driving on the street and saw it stop at our door; then I thought I should faint, for I was sure some dreadful accident had happened to Orlando.

I ran down to open the door; a friend of Orlando's, who is not, I confess, very much to my taste—such a red-faced, noisy man—was just supporting my dear boy up the steps.

"Oh, what has happened?" cried I.  
"Don't be frightened, Mrs. White," said Mr. Smith. "Nothing at all; only White is a little exhausted. Application to business will exhaust a man, and I thought I'd bring him home."  
"All right, Belle," said Orlando, "Smith tells the truth—I'm exhausted."

And, dearest aunt, he was so much so that he spoke quite thick, and couldn't stand up without tottering. Mr. Smith was kind enough to help him up stairs; and he lay upon the bed so prostrate that I thought he was going to die. Then I remembered the French brandy you gave me in case of sickness. I ran to get it out.

"Have a little brandy and water, dear?" I said.  
"The very thing," Smith is ex-  
hausted, too. Give some to Smith," said he.

And so I reproached myself for not having thought of it before Mr. Smith was gone. But I gave a glass to Orlando, and, under Providence, I think it saved his life; for, oh, how well he was! "Belle," said he quite flustered in his speech, "the room is getting round so fast that I can't catch your eye. And, besides, there's two of you, and I don't know which is which."

I knew these were dreadful symptoms.  
"Take a drink, dear," said I, "and I'll try to wake Mary, and send her for the doctor."  
"No," said he, "I'll be all right in the morning. I'm all right now. Here's your health. You are a brick. I—"

And over he fell, fast asleep.

Oh, why do men think so much of money-making? Is not health better than anything else? Of course, as he had lain down in his hat, I took that off first. And I managed to divest him of his coat. But when it came to his boots—dearest aunt, did you ever take off a gentleman's boots? probably not, as you are a single lady—what a task! How do they get them on? I pulled, and pulled, and shook and wriggled, and gave it up. But it would not do to leave them on all night; so I went at it again, and at last one came off so suddenly, that over I went on the floor, and into his hat, which I had put down there for a minute. I could have cried. And the other came off in the same way, just as hard and just as sudden at last. Then I put a soft blanket over Orlando, and sat in my sewing chair all night. Oh, how heavily he breathed! And I said, as you may fancy, the most dreadful fears. He might have killed himself by his over-application in business, for that I knew. The perfect ones go first it is said.

Oh, how differently should I have felt had anything happened to my beloved Orlando! He has not had so exhausting a day since, and I think he sees the folly of over-work; though if courts will keep open so late, what can poor lawyers do? I think it is very inconsiderate of the judge. I wonder whether he has a wife—the mean old thing!

### An Important Revenue Decision.

Tropical Fruits to be Admitted free of Duty—A loss of \$500,000 of the Revenue per Annum.

By a recent decision of the Secretary of the Treasury no duties are henceforth to be charged on importations of tropical fruit. He bases his decision on Section 5 of the Act of June 6, 1872, providing that on and after August 1, 1872, certain articles should be placed on the free list, among others "fruit, plants, tropical and semi-tropical, for the purpose of propa-

gation or cultivation." The peculiar phraseology led the custom officials to hold that only those fruits and plants which were "imported for propagation or cultivation" were included. Under this ruling, duties have been paid on oranges, lemons, limes, grapes of all kinds, figs, prunes, bananas and other fruits. Many of the importers paid the duty under protest. These will be entitled to recover duties on these articles paid by them since August 1, 1872. Those who have not entered protests cannot recover, as the law requires all persons who may be dissatisfied with the decision of the Collectors at the port where the goods are entered, to give notice in writing to the collector on each entry, setting forth specifically the grounds of objection thereon, and within thirty days after the date of such ascertainment and liquidation, to appeal therefrom to the Secretary of the Treasury, to begin a suit to recover the amount of the duties paid under the decision of the Secretary. The official returns show that of fruit and nuts (they are grouped together) there are imported annually about \$10,000,000 worth. It is estimated that the recent decision of the Secretary of the Treasury will make a difference of between \$400,000 and \$500,000 annually, in the customs receipts. The back duties which can be collected by those who have entered written protests will amount to probably about \$300,000.—N. Y. Tribune.

### A Darwinian Tippler.

A rarely philosophical "bummer," who was brought before the Bangor Police Court the other day, evolved a theory, that must be exceedingly comforting to the weak and erring. James Hennessey was his name, and when the Justice, severe of aspect, asked him what he had to say to the charge of being drunk, he calmly arose and said: "Your honor, I am a Darwinian, and I have, I think, discovered the origin of my unfortunate tendency. One of my remotest grandfathers was an anthropoid of a curious turn of mind. One morning, about 4,391,632 B. C., he was looking over his store of coconuts, when he picked up one for his breakfast, in which the milk had fermented. He drank the liquor, and got gloriously drunk, and ever after he always kept his coconuts until fermentation took place; judge then, whether a tendency, handed down through innumerable ancestors should not be taken in my defense." Casting a sarcastic look at James, the Justice said: "I am sorry that the peculiar arrangement of the atoms of star dust resulted in giving me a disposition to sentence you to pay \$3 and costs." As James couldn't pay, he went to the Winter retreat.—Boston Transcript.

Nights are cool.

### R. W. GRANT,



SADDLER & HARNESS MAKER,

Has Removed to Main st.

Opposite the Post Office.

EVERYTHING IN MY LINE CHEAP, BUT FOR CASH.

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Near the Steamboat Landing.

Their stock of

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CANNOT BE

SURPASSED ANYWHERE

FOR

EXCELLENCE OF QUALITY.

To the Saloon is attached a splendid

BILLIARD TABLE,

the best one in town.

In connection with the Saloon, we have

One of the Largest and the

Best Corral in Yuma;

where teamsters and others can find

Ample Accommodations

FOR THEIR BEASTS

As well as Themselves.

Plenty of

Hay, Grain and Water

can always be found here.

Feb 1 tf

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Tri-weekly Mail line

Coaches arrive at Tucson every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY MORNINGS,

and depart at 4 o'clock P. M., on TUESDAYS, THURSDAYS and SATURDAYS,

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